



AT DIEPPE.

Jones. "H'm! HERE'S A PRETTY TO-DO! CAN'T FIND MY MACHINE NOW!"

### MILITARY IF NOT NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

A PONTON bridge has been made, from the designs of CAPTAIN FOWKE, for the Viceroy of Egypt. This bridge was lately tried on the Serpentine in Hyde Park, by the First Middlesex Engineer Volunteers and a party of the Royal Engineers. The newspaper account of the proceedings informs us that the bridge having been laid down over the Serpentine:—

"The pontonniers 'fell in.'"

This was before they got upon the bridge, observe, civilian reader. No accident occurred. CAPTAIN FOWKE's bridge, we are happy to find, did not break down. In continuation, we are told that the *pontonniers* were marched and trotted across it "four deep," subjecting it to the greatest possible strain, which it bore without wetting a plank." Although, therefore, our brave *pontonniers* fell in, the gallant fellows happily escaped a ducking.

### Fashionable Intelligence.

THE new name for Crinoline promises to give that elegant style of dress a fresh lease in the devout and fashionable world. *On dit* at Paris that an Illustrious Lady has presided in the Camarilla, wearing a magnificent vestment, extended on hoops of vast circumference, and figured with the genuine pattern of the *Sanbenito*, copied from the original design of the Spanish Inquisition. It is whispered that this pretty garment was a present from Rome intended as a reward of filial devotion and valuable services, to which its national and ecclesiastical significance render it a most suitable testimonial.

### LECTURES FOR RUFFIANS.

MR. D'EYNCOURT had before him the other day a case in which two fellows were charged with certain acts of cruelty to a poor animal. To the biped beasts, for their conduct to the quadruped, the Magistrate said—

"What ought to be done to brutes like you is this. You ought to be flogged up and down the place where you committed such atrocity."

Mr. Punch, though no advocate for indiscriminate chastisement, is of opinion that the excellent Magistrate was right. But it occurs to Mr. Punch that inasmuch as the object of all punishment is instruction and example, the lesson which MR. D'EYNCOURT would give to cruel men and their friends, might be most advantageously administered in the most calm and argumentative form, that of a sort of Lecture. There should be no anger, no vengeance, but all should be done gently and with precision.

For instance, take one of the above ruffians, and, undraping him to the requisite extent, lead him into a circle, to be kept by the police. His friends, the roughs, are around, but will be deterred by other circumstances from any interference.

Professor Punch undertakes to deliver the Lecture. He enters, attended by a broad-shouldered assistant, MR. SLASHER, who has selected a good whip from the laboratory of the Professor.

The ruffian, whose name is JAMES BLIGHT, has been convicted of cruelty to a horse.

The Professor addresses him.

"BLIGHT, listen to me."

MR. BLIGHT probably grants his entire permission to Mr. Punch to visit a locality in which good intentions form the pavement.

The Professor takes no notice of this permit, but proceeds.

"You, BLIGHT, have been shown to have treated a horse with great cruelty. I am willing to believe that your act arose, as do very many similar crimes, from ignorance. You are not aware, probably, that when a whip descends violently upon the skin, either of man or beast, great pain is caused. I could wish you to comprehend this thoroughly; and my young friend and assistant here will conduct an experiment which I am induced to hope will elucidate this matter for you. If you please," says the Professor, with a smile to his co-operator.

Seven hearty cuts descend upon MR. BLIGHT's shoulders.

"Thank you!" says Mr. Punch. "Now, MR. BLIGHT, may I pro-

ceed, on the understanding that you are convinced that the operation in question is painful?"

MR. BLIGHT, with a very red face, discharges a volley of very irrelevant and irreverent language.

"Ah!" says the Professor, regretfully. "I have failed, but (*apologetically*) experiments will occasionally fail, and the philosopher's duty is undiscovered to repeat them until success rewards him. If you please, MR. SLASHER."

Seven more cuts descend upon MR. BLIGHT.

"There, here, hold!" bellows MR. BLIGHT, "do you want to kill a fellow?"

"Observe," remarks Mr. Punch mildly to the crowd, "the difficulties which beset the philosopher. He either fails to attain his object, or he attains too much. I merely desired to prove to our friend that this kind of operation was painful, and he jumps to the conclusion that it is fatal. I trust, however, to bring him to that *via media*, which is *tutissima*. If you please, MR. SLASHER."

A third application, by the assistant, renders MR. BLIGHT tolerably docile.

"You now are convinced, I hope, that I was accurate in stating that whiplash, violently applied, hurts, MR. BLIGHT?"

"I should think I was," growls MR. BLIGHT.

"Ah! you do not admit it fully—only in a qualified way. You should think that you were convinced—you will not allow that you are convinced. I fear I must trouble you again, MR. SLASHER."

But MR. BLIGHT stays the uplifted weapon by a vehement declaration that he has been hurt like fun.

"If you think it fun, MR. BLIGHT, I am afraid I must dispute the accuracy of your illustration, and offer you the means of correcting it. If you please."

But MR. BLIGHT expresses his readiness to say anything. He allows that flogging hurts very much indeed.

"In that case, MR. BLIGHT, and gentlemen, I think we may bring the lecture to a close. I am quite sure that it will not be forgotten, and that, after this, no one before me will be guilty of cruelty, now that he has seen the suffering it causes. I will only add that should any one so far forget himself, I am authorised by PROFESSOR D'EYNCOURT to say that the experiment of to-day will be repeated, with additional apparatus in the shape of a cat-o'-nine-tails. I have the honour to wish you a good morning."

Whether a course of lectures of this description might not be found available in cases of extraordinary brutality, is a subject which Mr. Punch hereby assigns to the British Forum as one for debate.

## FOXES MARTYRS.



HERE are minds so destitute of moral sense that they regard the most awful atrocities as funny. A Bideford Correspondent of the *Morning Post* writes a letter to that journal, in which part of it appears headed "Novel Capture of Foxes," and commencing thus:—"The Braunds of Bucks, or the foxes and fish-hooks, properly delineated, would make an amusing comedy." And then it proceeds to relate the following horrible story:—

"Not long ago, JAMES BRAUND, a fisherman residing at Bucks, in the Parish of Parkham, North Devon, having baited a hook with a ling's maw, 'tiled' is on the beach to catch gull, or any other sea bird. He buried the greater part of the maw, which concealed the treacherous hook, in the shingle. When he came to look after his hook, and to see what he had caught, he was not a little surprised to find a fine fox dancing and capering about at the extent of its tether. He deemed it the surest way to secure his prize to shoot it, and soon got his gun and bagged the vixen."

Who will envy the feelings of a writer who could pen such a narrative as the foregoing, and put a simple full stop at the end of it, and not a note of execration? But

this historian of a shocking act of vulpicide actually speaks of that crime as if it were a sporting exploit. The unhappy BRAUND had the misfortune to catch a fox. He "got his gun and bagged the vixen!" What would any man of well-regulated mind have done under the circumstances? He would, of course, have carefully secured the fox, and extracted the hook, or got a veterinary surgeon, if necessary, to remove it by an operation under the influence of chloroform. Instead of that this monster, BRAUND, shot the fox!

The hand that has once been stained with vulpine blood will be apt, on opportunity, to shed more. Accordingly we are told, in continuation, that:—

"Last Tuesday MR. BRAUND had another and almost equally strange fox adventure. His fishing nets had been spread to dry, and as is the custom, the dog-fish had been shook out, but it is supposed that one of these must have been under the net, and attracted a fox out on a forage. At all events, CAPTAIN BRAUND found a fine old dog fox rolled up in the net. It is thought that in his efforts to draw out the fish he drew up the loose net and entangled himself, and the more he struggled to free himself the more inextricably he became entangled. On seeing the nature of the prisoner, 'Here's a greyhound, Lucifer,' said BRAUND, and then, looking at the fox, added, 'Thee'rt not content with fastening on LADY ELWES's hares and rabbits these eight or ten years, but have been scouring the beach for visch; I'll cook thy goose for the now.' Whereon, as BRAUND afterwards said, 'the cratur looked so vashous that I vetched my gun and soon settled his vishing perpensties.'"

How forcibly this wretched clown of a fisherman must remind the fox-hunter who is familiar with the poetry of COLERIDGE of the tale of that spell-bound ancient mariner who so ruthlessly shot the albatross. But the slayer of the albatross repented him of his act. Not so the destroyer of two foxes. The writer who, in a tone of unfeeling levity, relates the slaughter of those victims, thus describes the way in which the perpetrator of that deed disposed of the last of them:—

"It was what is called in the locality a greyhound dog fox, of mature age, weighing 12½ lb., and a regular beauty in symmetry and appearance. MR. BRAUND has presented the animal to a Bideford printer, who intends to have it preserved and set up."

The captor of a dog fox, of mature age, weighing 12½ lb., and a regular beauty in symmetry and appearance, not only shoots the fox, but glories in the act, and gives the animal to be stuffed and preserved as a memorial of what he deems a creditable achievement! And the chronicler of his crime expresses the opinion that it would make an amusing comedy. Vulpicide in jest! Fox-hunting readers, think of that! Imagine a human being so destitute of every feeling of propriety as to conceive the idea of making fun of shooting a fox!

## "Parlez-Vous Francais?"

If so, you will appreciate the following:—

"What has lifted M. DROUYN DE LHUYS into the Ministerial chair vacated by M. THOUVENEL?" asked DE MOBYN of PERSIGNY.

"La force du génie? Eh, non,—la force d'EUGÉNIE."

## THE COUNTRY MAGISTRATE.

(By a Policeman who is expected to recover.)

WHEN a poacher stands in the Sessions dock,  
By a stalwart Bobby with stiff black stock,  
And around him gaolers and beadies wait,  
What a thundering Jove is the Magistrate!

O, how from his high and well-guarded chair,  
The Magistrate storms at the criminal there,  
And how does our garrulous friend dilate  
On Property's rights; does our Magistrate.

So stern his look and so bold his phrase,  
Such promise of valour his glance conveys,  
That you feel quite happy to think one State  
Holds you and that terrible Magistrate.

But if you'd see that Magistrate cowed,  
See him brought up to a lawless crowd,  
That hints with brickbats and pieces of slate  
Its mild dislike of our Magistrate.

"Brought up," says I, and indeed it's true  
That bringing him up 's not easy to do,  
When missiles threaten the sacred pate  
Of our terrible, terrified Magistrate.

Down go houses and stores and shops,  
Battered the brave policeman drops,  
But the dence a thing but cackle and prate  
Will he do, our bumptious Magistrate.

Those burning houses have thrown new lights  
On his worship's views of Property's rights;  
He thinks of his windows, and stacks, and plate,  
And "won't stir ill-feeling," the Magistrate.

O, what a change from the Session chair  
Is the sight of the white-faced gentleman there:  
"Hoping excitement will soon abate"—  
What a thundering sneak is the Magistrate!

But, what 's the use of my making rhymes?  
You've learned the lesson ten thousand times,  
That the thing you buy at the dearest rate,  
Is the non-paid Noodle, a Magistrate.

Birkenhead Hospital, Oct. 22.

## TRAIN ON THE RAIL AGAIN.

The notorious TRAIN, the would-be introducer to this side of the Atlantic of Yankee street-railways, Yankee puffs and Yankee log-rolling having got off the rails here, gone to smash, and been taken back from White-Cross Street to the United States for repairs, has been blowing off steam at Philadelphia, which condenses into a stream of dirty water, aimed at England and the English. The following Yankee flowers of eloquence from TRAIN's choice bouquet deserve culling:—

"The English are a nation of cowards, and have been so all the days of their lives. Where have they ever fought? Show me a battlefield! . . . The whole country is pauperised; they are a nation of beggars. . . . You may slap them in the face and kick them; and there is no fight in them. . . . Ought Americans to fight them? We must take men of our own size. We are educated as children, never to strike women or old men, and we ought to keep hands off of England (sic), and leave the Irish to whip her. . . . I believe sincerely that LORD PALMERSTON poisoned PRINCE ALBERT for the purpose of usurping the throne. . . . PALMERSTON was out of office at one time, and a scurrilous pamphlet appeared against the QUEEN, which he took to her, and said, 'Your husband is a dead man in ten days unless things are changed.' In four days he was back in office again, but the QUEEN hates him, and has not spoken to him since PRINCE ALBERT's death. This is well known in England! . . . By-and-by European capitalists, lords and princes, will be coming over here to invest their money. . . . The English people are a nation of liars, and I have told them that right square in their teeth. I am going back one of these days to tell them so again."

From this it is plain that the TRAIN we had considered shivered to smithereens is on the rail again, with a vengeance. It is evident that, however familiar with smashes, neither this TRAIN nor its Yankee drivers, have any notion of a break, or it would have been pulled up short in its rabid and random career.



## SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM ON A NEW SENSATIONAL SYSTEM.

Most people will remember I was miserably "used up" when some years ago I visited Vesuvius, and could see "nothing in it." I then married, and within five years (having been blessed once with duplicates) I found myself surrounded by seven smiling olive branches. My old enemy was now pretty well subdued, my *ennui* was rapidly evaporating. Still as POPE says, "Man never is, but always to be blest." Occasionally I felt that aching void which a fireman's dog might experience if chained to a kennel when the engine turns out. I accordingly arranged with the district Policeman to call me whenever he saw a vivid illumination in the skies, without regard to distance or time. Not content with this kind of volatile salt, I have recently given orders for a Fire Escape of my own, and hope with the assistance of my gardener to be of some service if my neighbours will kindly apply their lips to the speaking tube, which they will find immediately under the Visitors' Bell.

This is the age of dynamics. Intellect has had its march. Muscles are now on their stretch. Genius doubtless is very attractive, resembling in that respect a magnet. Round SHAKESPEARE what bright particles gather! Genius however is no match for gymnastics, which as a transpontine manager shrewdly observed, "draw like a blister." The agile adapter of the *Colleen Bawn*, before he took his celebrated header, must have calculated to a nicety what impetus was required to carry a body into the carpet of popularity. Passion, poetry, and that sort of thing, were considered pretty by GEORGE THE THIRD and his subjects, when the fine old English gentleman used to take the little Princesses to a provincial theatre. CUMBERLAND must often, I fancy, have shed grateful tears to see so many plumed heads nodding their approval of his sentimental comedies. SHEDDEN and O'NEIL—*Katherine and Belshazzar*—are associated with our indelible grandmothers, with black velvet and point lace, with mince pies and buckles, Bath chairs, harpsichords, long-stage coaches, pigstails, and such like remnants of Arcadian simplicity. Audiences had then evidently much moisture in their composition. They dissolved at *Jane Shore* and *Isabella* like ices in glass. Five Act tragedies were not merely endured—they were enjoyed. It seems almost incredible, but my physician, who has a lively recollection of JOHN PRINCE as *Coriolanus*, assures me it's a fact.

Players now, I am told, have to pay a double hazardous premium on the insurance of their lives, and the Policy is vacated if they spring from the "flies." It is hard upon those glowing aspirants who can only catch notoriety by o'erleaping the modesty of nature. They must be "up" to the mark of public expectation, and must follow their leader, the Spirit of the Times, wherever that Spirit vaults. Fine acting was formerly compared to flashes of lightning, but I question if the electric fluid *pur et simple* would now melt anything more stubborn than a cook. It really demands a thunderbolt to "bring down" the galleries, and as for the pit "rising" at an artiste, such a phenomenon is never seen until he is several feet above it.

Men who have been admitted to the best Schools of Anatomy may have little relish for these sensation spectacles. To fellows less fortunate a *coup de théâtre* is perhaps highly acceptable if it result in a brilliant surgical operation. It would not become me to disparage such popular entertainments. At one period of my life I would have applauded the first step to a dislocation, and have freely encored the most blundering mode of attaining a compound fracture. *Nemo mortalius omnibus horis sapit*. Thank goodness, I can now live and let others live, no longer considering that those who hold the mirror up to nature derive lustre from a spinal contortion or a cork arm. If a cow can jump over the moon, I shall be pleased to see her, but I wouldn't encourage my milkman to do it. Some may suspect that these are the morbid sentiments of an anchorite. Permit me to say they are mistaken.

My prime resources in my hours of gloom are however of a much more perilous nature. My wife's mother, I rejoice to say, exhibits a magnificent hoop, of which the periphery corresponds with one of the larger wheels to PICKFORD'S Vans. I never take her arm without anticipating every moment to put my foot in it. Then I have secured shares in several new companies, and having paid the deposit money, and signed the Deed of Settlement, I am in hopes that with visions of a Chancery *introgatio*, and summonses to show cause why I, SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM, Bart., should not be enrolled among those Joint Stock Martyrs, whose names will descend to posterity on the imperishable "list of contributories," my mind will be kept at fever heat for some years to come. A little piece of land, which wanting a paddock, I bought of the reputed Deviser, my Solicitor now informs me, is likely to be required by the Heir-at-law, there being some informality about the Will, which was not at all signed by the Testator, whose signature was requisite to give it validity. Once in the vacation I treat myself (and only myself) to a trip in a cheap Excursion train, and seldom return without feeling my blood warmed, partly from compassion for my unlucky fellow-travellers, but chiefly by indignation at

those white-cravated gamblers, in the disguise of Managing-Directors, who stake "compensation" against "dividends," and play in Tunnels and on Embankments with human bones for dice.

In conclusion, let me ask one pertinent question. So long as these salutary expedients exist for stimulating the circulation, why should people rush nightly in crowds to form a Society for promoting the destruction of Tumblers from rope or wire? Let a discriminating public direct their admiration to commercial instead of bodily flights. Then if the Gymnasts fall, they will at worst only lapse into bankruptcy, and if they lose their balance, it will be felt at their bankers, and not at their backs.

## INSCRIPTION, EPIGRAM, EPITAPH, OR WHAT YOU WILL.

(Respectfully placed at the disposal of the Committee of the Hartley Institution, Southampton.)

No. I.

(In BEN JONSON'S manner.)

HEREIN interred in stone doth lie  
Of Hartley's fund what law let by.  
A hundred thousand pounds we know,  
It into Chancery did go,  
But forty thousand pounds, by gum,  
It out of Chancery did come!  
Farewell the sixty thousand rest,  
God speed the forty thousand left!

Or this, if they like something simpler:—

No. II.

I was in trade by Hartley made,  
One hundred thousand pound;  
He left me for an Institute,  
When he was laid in ground.

Proceedings sore long time I bore,  
Testator's will was vain,  
Two-thirds Q. C.'s did bone in fees,  
One-third doth here remain.

Or, if they are for the high Classical:—

No. III.

Hic jacet  
Bonorum Hartleianorum,  
Quantulumcumque  
E juris peritorum faucibus  
Evasit.  
Hæu, quantam matatus ab illo  
Acervo  
Quod speravit Hartleius  
Benevolentis Monumentum,  
Bonarum artium fontem,  
Nominis honorem  
faturum!

LL. CM. legavit Hartleius  
LL. LXM. Perempserunt lites,  
LL. XLM. Hic conduntur.

## FEDERAL ROMANCE.

WRITING to MR. LINCOLN'S Government after the battle of the 14th of last month, the Federal General stated that the "rebel" army was totally "demoralised" and utterly "routed." Subsequently a New York telegram informs us that:—

"The battle was renewed on the 17th by the Confederates with great vigour, lasting till four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Confederates retired, leaving the Confederate General LONGSTREET and part of his division prisoners."

This telegram itself is an illustration of the saying, particularly applicable to American news, that we should never believe more than half of what we hear. Part of it is true; but that is only the first part. The battle was renewed with great vigour by the army which M'CORMACK had described as demoralised and routed—an extraordinary army! GENERAL LONGSTREET and his division were captured by GENERAL HOOKER—who commanded a division on the Federal side—with a hook.

ANOTHER POINT OF RESEMBLANCE.—MAY we are told, is the only animal that laughs. Yes; and the only animal, we may say, that is laughed at—monkeys always excepted.



### THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

*Sarah Jane. "LAWKS! WHY IT'S HEXACT LIKE OUR HEMMER!"*

### LIBERTY FOR WISEMAN'S LAMBS.

THE friends of civil and religious liberty will be sorry to see that the right of the Irish Roman Catholics to the free exercise of their religion has been grossly interfered with by the police at Birkenhead.

The British Parliamentary Debating Society persisted in holding an adjourned meeting to discuss the question whether GARIBALDI was entitled to praise or blame, well knowing that this is a question not to be asked in the hearing of the Roman Catholic Irish.

Accordingly, the faithful Irishmen of Birkenhead arose with one accord, and triumphantly confuted their heretical opponents by breaking windows, throwing stones and brickbats, sacking and looting shops, and cudgelling, cutting, and wounding the passengers in the streets generally, and the police who tried to prevent this expression of their conscientious opinions.

As the Catholic Priest, ROBERT WRIGHT BRUNDRITT, justly observes:

"If misguided fanatics choose to call a meeting by large orange-coloured placards headed 'Sympathy with GARIBALDI,' in the very centre of at least 15,000 Catholics, they must take the consequences, and be answerable for them."

Of course. So, likewise, or nearly so, says that ornament of the British Legislature and the Catholic Church, SIR GEORGE BOWYER.

Notwithstanding, no less than eleven of the faithful Irish, concerned in the Act of Faith at Birkenhead, have been taken into custody, and will doubtless be too severely punished, according to persecuting Law administered by Protestant Magistrates.

This is too bad. These captives are the same gentle creatures as CARDINAL WISEMAN'S lambs, his "dear Irish children," his "dear children," his "children of St. Patrick," and "cherished Irish children" of the POPE. They are innocents who ought all to have their way. It is not enough that the Cardinal's own particular pets have been allowed to stifle the expression of British opinion on the Roman question. The flock at Birkenhead and everywhere else must enjoy the same liberty. At Madrid JOSEPH ALHAMA and MANUEL MATAMOROS have just been condemned to nine years' penal servitude for the practice of Protestantism. Until the like outrage of Catholic feeling is equally punishable

in this country, the principle of toleration, rightly understood, requires that the Irish Catholic mob shall be allowed to take the law into their own hands, and vindicate the honour and interests of their Church by acts of spoliation and destruction, and by the means of shillelaghs and stones.

### THE BROKEN HEADS AND BLOCKHEADS OF : BIRKENHEAD. :

Is there never a single J.P. with a workin' head  
On the Magistrates' Bench that should give law to Birkenhead?  
As empty as casks, when you've staved in each firkin-head,  
Are *all* of the justices' pates down at Birkenhead?  
Was it folly or funk sense of duty did burk in head  
Of thy Do-nothing Magistrates, ill-fated Birkenhead?  
In worse pickle was e'er piccalilly or gherkin-head  
Than the pickle in which are the J. P.'s of Birkenhead,—  
Who allowed Papist riot to rear up its lurkin' head,  
And the POPE's Irish blackguards to lord it o'er Birkenhead?  
Had sweet FATHER BRUNDRITT the POPE or Grand Turk in head,  
When he hounded to mischief the rabble of Birkenhead?  
One has outrage of Anglican Church and Scotch Kirk in head,  
But none like this outrage of Rome's church at Birkenhead,  
When bludgeon in hand, and p'rhaps pistol and dirk in head,  
The Irishry welted the p'licemen of Birkenhead;  
While specials and soldiers were chafing and perkin' head  
To look out for the justices' orders in Birkenhead,  
And the sapient beaks gravely wagging and jerkin' head,  
Agreed to do nothing to keep peace in Birkenhead!  
So obfuscate the wits, so Cimmerian the mirk in head  
Of those timber-sculled noddies, the brave Bench of Birkenhead!

QUESTION OVERHEARD AT A SECOND-RATE RESTAURANT.—"How's your poor Lafitte?"

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 26, 1862.



CARDINAL WISEMAN'S "LAMBS."





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## SPA

FROM TWO DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"Spa, October 17, 1862.

"I DON'T think I shall ever come back. When you see me you may expect me. Please tell the Income-Tax Commissioners of my intended absence, so that they may no longer trouble themselves in sending me any more of those unpleasant quarterly reminders for non-payment of an odious, iniquitous, inquisitorial —"

"But why talk of taxes in a place where such plagues are unknown? Here the only tax the traveller undergoes is the one that is levied on his patience to partake of as many pleasures as he possibly can during the course of four-and-twenty hours. Like a school-boy at a feast, there are so many good things that he is puzzled to know what to begin with first. Would that I could pocket a few, so that I might quietly enjoy them when once again I return to that abominable big seminary, called London, where the prizes are not at all equal to the tasks that one has to go through? They say that school is the happiest time of one's life, but I can only say that if all schools are like London, in which one has to fag so very hard, and where one gets so very little in exchange to eat or drink, I for one have not the slightest desire ever to go back again.

"In my opinion, the best part of school are the holidays. They are the happiest time of one's life, if you like. The happiness would be complete, if there were no Black Monday hanging up, like a birch-rod against the wall, in the background.

"Spa is just the place for a holiday. The little 'boys and girls come out to play' all day long. The boys are of all sizes—the girls are of all ages. From morning to night there is some game going on. Laughter is heard on every side, such romping and racing and rioting as would pull the starch out of even a Quaker's habits, and make him join in the fun. Every one is drest in his holiday clothes, and Mamma is generally close by to see that no one dirties them, so you can imagine that the romping is of that quiet nature such as would not ruffle the serenity, or rumple a single anti-macassar, of the most delicately-arranged drawing-room. The rioting is gay without being noisy, like the chirping of the birds at that grand place of assignments, the Pantheon Conservatory, in Oxford Street. CHESTERFIELD might accept the situation here of Master of the Ceremonies, and not be ashamed of his disciples.

"The place is a kind of open-air boudoir, curtained all round with thick folds of trees, and made bright with innumerable little crystal streams that do duty very well for looking-glasses. In this same boudoir every variety of ornament is to be found. The paintings alone on wood, make it quite a *petit Louvre des dames*. Work-boxes, fans, needle-cases, screens, glove-boxes, scent-bottles, are scattered about in every direction; and if you occasionally find a cigar-case amongst them, it is some gallant cavalier, who has heedlessly left it behind him. The air thrills under one perpetual serenade. You go to sleep with the sounds of melody whispering soft lullabys in your ear, and you wake up with a military band inviting you to 'Come to the Fountain,' where by dipping a tumbler into the bubbling spring, you can have a champagne breakfast for nothing. Health and pleasure dance hand-in-hand together. The celebrated *Fontaine de Jouvence* trickles down every mountain. People drink here, not only to get merry—for many of the springs have a more exhilarating effect even than the best gingerbeer from the fountain—but to grow young again. Invalids, who have drunk deeply of these re-juvenifying waters, have been known to wash the accumulated snow of many winters off their heads. Under the influence of its gentle irrigation, a head that at first was a perfect barren Mont Blanc, is gradually converted into a luxuriant Primrose Hill.

"The trees have a most magnificent effect at present. Green below, and tipped with gold at the top (for Autumn is Nature's best gilder), they remind me, not inaptly, of the railings round the Tuileries.

"The *Redoute* is a handsome building, whose hospitality is open equally to all. Rich and poor alike are welcome to enter. CROCKFORD'S in its palmiest days, would only look like so much gilt gingerbread by the side of it. It is clothed from head to foot in gold, like a royal footman. The gold overflows everywhere. Even the tables are deluged with it. I must confess a little playing goes on here, but every one looks so happy that I defy the most carping cynic to pick a hole in the green baize that constitutes the playing-ground. No lawn can look more inviting to gambol upon. What universal happiness! The ladies even lose their few francs with such a smiling grace that they could not choose a happier moment to have their photographs taken. You have all the newspapers in the world here, and if you are put in a momentary passion by some angry leader, you are quickly softened down again into good humour by the strains of soft music, whose notes come acceptably to the ear as the announcement of a large legacy. Floods of light and literature; a constant rippling cascade of melody and money, the one not less winning than the other; the most coquet costumes in the world, as though the prettiest coloured pictures in the Paris fashion-books had

been suddenly endowed with life; six-footed, fat-calved Johnnies in dazzling liveries, *à la mitor*, waiting upon you at every step! *enfin*, you haven't anything like it in England! And mind you, Mr. Punch, all this exhaustless splendour without its costing the enraptured visitor a single son!

"I will write you more about this enchanting place to-morrow. A *partie de chasse* is waiting for me at the door. The French horn is sounding. Adieu.

"Yours happily,

"ANACHARSIS THE YOUNGEST."

"DEAR PUNCH,

"October 18, 1862.

"I AM off to-morrow. I am tired of this place. The truth is it is a hollow deception, a snare baited by the devil. The *Redoute* is a haunt of thieves that, once visited, is only *bon à redouter*. The *croupiers* are enough to frighten one. Their long shovels are like vulture's claws, that clutch hold of everything that comes within their greedy grasp. The servants have the villainous appearance of banditti dressed up in livery. Even the players have yellow faces, like parchment that has been stained to pass muster for some Roupell deed of forgery—there is not a line of truth in any one of them—they are all counterfeit countenances of honesty. I declare the presiding Lucifer of this gaming Pandemonium had, to speak by the card, exactly the photographic appearance of the knave of clubs. Well, may they have music playing all the while! Indeed, it is wanted to stifle the consciences of the penitent—to overpower the groans of those whom they have ruined. I left the place in sickening disgust, only too happy to have my eyes opened to the reality of the wicked snare. To increase the mockery, the band, as I slammed the door with awakened indignation, was playing with jarring irony, "*L'or est une chimère*."

"At the bottom of the sumptuous staircase were two black looking boxes. One was marked '*Tronc pour les Pauvres*;' on the other was inscribed '*Tronc pour l'Hôpital*.' Could you wish for a better moral? I wonder how much *La Banque*, whose receipts last year amounted to 1,250,067 francs, puts into these poor-boxes? Not much, I fancy, for the *trones* were as small as a loser's chance of ever winning back again what he has lost. Besides, what can an *actionnaire* in a gambling joint-stock company know about 'conscience money'?

"I would not live here for any consideration. The only talk at the *table-d'hôte* and elsewhere, is about *le jeu*. One madman talks of being able to *casser la Banque*; another simpleton, as green as the cloth on which he has been squandering the means he has been hoarding up for months, complains of being *complètement rasé*. Now, he is drinking cold water. A day or two ago, flushed with a monetary success, he was draining champagne out of goblets. The whole air rattles with the sounds of play. The leaves, as they murmur, seem to imitate the shuffling of the cards; and the streams, as they leap from stone to stone, convey to the ear a mocking sound of the rolling of the dice. The seats in the avenues and *allées* have for their dorsal supports playful representations of serpents and vultures, and well they may, for whoever ventures to rest here will have nothing better to lean back upon. It is nothing but stinging and clawing, and lucky is he who escapes with a whole skin. Everything here is serpentine, even down to the walks. On my word, when I took my final stroll through this *coupe gorge* of a town this morning, I thought all the houses were numbered *Trenta et Quarante*!

"Good bye, dear Punch. *Le jeu est fait*. I hasten home quickly to enlist your powerful aid to write down these infamous deeds, of which a liberal Government, like Belgium, ought to feel ashamed.

"Yours, in anything but a playful mood,

"ANACHARSIS THE YOUNGEST."

[It is precisely as we suspected. The discrepancy between our correspondent's two letters is clearly accounted for. An urgent appeal for a speedy remittance at once lets out the secret. The first letter was written under the influence of winning—the second under the influence of losing, when, to use the writer's own words, he had been "regularly cleaned out." *Le tapis vert* is dangerous ground for inexperienced feet to venture upon. We will take care that young ANACHARSIS does not journey, for the future, any further than Southend or Heme Bay.—Ed.]

## LINCOLN RICHARD THE THIRD.

SCENE—Washington. A Room in the White House.

Lincoln. What did McCRELLAN say as touching Richmond?

Seward. That 'twould not long resist the Federal arms.

Lincoln. He told a fib: And what said STANTON then?

Seward. He smiled and said, we'll soon effect our purpose.

Lincoln. He was in the wrong; and so indeed it is.

SEWARD—

Seward. Sirree!

Lincoln. The slaves set free that day

Should have been loosed down South some time ago.

A black day will it be to somebody!

[Exeunt.]



### LORD DUNDREARY MARRIED.

"Why, Georgina, here's another letter from my brother Sam! And I'll tell you what it is, Georgina, if I'd have known you'd got such a b-b-beast of a brother-in-law as Sam, I wouldn't have married you!!!"

### THE IMITATION MANIA.



trade as well as art. Let a Lord Dundreary and vacuities, then a host of Lord Dundrearies instantly arise and live by trading on the likeness that they bear to the first lord. A feminine Dundreary also starts forth at the Music Halls; and, as coarseness mixed with crinoline rarely fails to please the frequenters of those places, the feminine Dundreary achieves a great success. When once a "star" appears in the theatrical horizon, a dozen denser bodies shine by borrowing its light; and as the public seldom takes the trouble to discriminate, the copy is admired almost as much as the original, and people cheer the clumsy plagiarists they really ought to hiss.

E really wish that somebody would somehow manage to do something to stop the imitation mania which is raging so about us. People suffer from its influence terribly in trade, and there is scarcely a profession that escapes being affected by it. Anything original in manufacture or in art—be it a steam chaffcutter or a *Punch* cartoon, a self-acting spring bootjack, or a Lord Dundreary—is certain, if successful, to be copied by the imitators as closely as the law, which is far too lax, will let them. In any trade or art, from a tinker and a tailor to a poet and a painter, any one who hits on an original idea, and by his cleverness succeeds in carrying it out, is sure to find it followed by a swarm of imitations, which simply vulgarise the notion and injure the true interests of

### A LITTLE QUESTION. I

THE ribald bankrupt Yankee TRAIN  
Declares us English fools and knaves;  
Sneaks, who when struck won't strike again,  
Gluttons and blockheads, brutes and slaves.

Swears that LORD PALMERSTON would make  
His way, by poison, to the Crown;  
But TRAIN has hopes that Pat will wake,  
And tread the English tyrant down.

The fool were fun, if not so coarse,  
So were the patriots of the North,  
Who cheered and cheered till they were hoarse  
The idiot trash he bellowed forth.

We've crawled, no doubt, we Saxon worms,  
And have been trampled for our pains;  
Is it worth while to keep on terms  
With friends who cheer such terms as TRAIN's?

### The American War a Case of Scissors.

THE North and South were a couple of sharp blades that, when united, formed a beautiful pair of scissors, that cut through every obstacle that intervened between them, working admirably together; but which, the moment they were disunited, became a pair of daggers, the one turned murderously against the other. The thing now is to endeavour to separate them and prevent their inflicting any further mischief upon each other.

### "THE CREATURE'S AT HIS DIRTY WORK AGAIN."

TRAMWAY TRAIN has been vilifying the English. As he was known when here to be the greatest liar in Christendom, his abuse is received as the most fulsome flattery.

Original ideas worked out in literature or art are far less easily protected than those of manufacture. A pair of bellows is a visible and tangible production, and an infringement of its patent may be readily detected. But there are scant means now of patenting, for instance, a Dundreary, and of preventing feeble copyists from assumption of his title, his whiskers, and his stutter, and from passing themselves off as his brother or his wife. Other titles are moreover assumed besides his lordship's: for the servile herd of imitators (*seruum pecus*, eh, old HORACE?) will filch the smallest trifle that they think will serve their end. The title *Once a Week* sounds well, so out comes *Twice a Week* of course, and this will doubtless soon be followed by *Every other Day*; and we may naturally expect that the *Monday Magazine* will soon be treading in the footsteps of the *Saturday Review*. Such literary piracies should be stamped with a black flag, that people might avoid having anything to do with them.

### A PREPOSSESSING ARTIST WANTED.

"MY DEAR MAULSTICKE,

"Do you want a hundred a year? I dare say that you do. Very few young artists don't. Well then, here you are, Sir, as the cabmen say:—

ARTISTS.—WANTED, in a first-rate establishment in the City, a GENTLEMAN, of artistic acquirements and prepossessing manners, who is thoroughly conversant with the posing of the figure, with the view of producing the best effects in portraiture. Salary £100 per annum. The most satisfactory references will be required. Apply by letter, post paid.

"Now, I'm sure there's no denying you have 'prepossessing manners' (you quite won my heart last night by the graceful way in which you blew the porter-froth off before handing me the pewter); and I am ready to believe that in the intervals between your games of pitch-a-penny at Ribstone Street, you really have acquired some little smattering of art. Well then, as I previously stated, here you are! As for references, hang it, I'm sure I and JIMMY BUSTLER can speak with satisfaction as to how you 'pose your figure' (when you put on the gloves); and the black eye which you gave me a week or two ago was one of the 'best effects in portraiture,' the fellows said they'd ever seen. So don't be proud, old chap. Your *Finding of Child Harold on the Battlefield at Hastings* is a grand piece of colouring no doubt (and so's my cutty): but believe me, my dear boy, you'll be a long while



ere you make a yearly hundred by such works, and so you'd better sink High Art and go and earn a livelihood by acting as assistant at a photographic shop. I allow it may be aggravating to a man who thinks, nay, feels assured he is a genius with his paint-brush, to 'pose the figure' at a place where they merely take sun portraits. But a hundred pounds a-year is not a sum to sneer at—only before you sign away your service for that income, you had better ascertain how many hours a day you will be asked to work for it.

"Yours in all serenity,  
"EPAMINONDAS EASELIE."

### MOTHER POPE'S PETTICOAT PÆAN.

THE Petticoats, the Petticoats, the Petticoats for me,  
They won't leave a poor old 'ooman robbed and bullyragged to be!  
Let them dratted Garibaldians say and do the wust they can,  
With "ooman" still I'll win the toss and fingers snap at Man—  
What's your Italies and Emperors and suffrages but rot,  
While on my side, God bless 'em, the Petticoats I've got—  
Yes, the Petticoats, the Petticoats, the Petticoats for me,  
They'll stand by poor old Mother POPE and the blessed Roman see!

Leave them owdacious heretics to heap their sinful praise  
On manly faith and manly force and manly works and ways;  
Drat sich perwerfted rubbidge! Give me but woman-kind,  
The dear believin' creatures, and much the men I mind!  
Let Protestants take pulpits or platforms for their screen,  
Old Mother POPE defies 'em, while she has Crinoline.  
Yes, the Petticoats, the Petticoats, the Petticoats for me:  
Let who will have NAPOLEON, while I have EUGÉNIE!

The wisdom of the serpent we're taught to take for guide,  
And we all know what the serpent did with EVA upon his side:  
Where there's woman's mind to pison and woman's ear to win,  
You may trust old Mother POPE her way to coax and carney in;  
She has priests in gowns and monks in frocks, dear souls, to bring  
'em to;

And for the men, Lord help 'em agin the female screw!  
So the Petticoats, the Petticoats, the Petticoats for me,  
Soon a turning round their fingers the men I'm sure to see.

Had I England's maids and matrons, as I've Ireland's, at my beck,  
It's very soon my pastoral crook would be round England's neck.  
While I've that gracious EUGÉNIE, for a daughter staunch and true,  
It's little that her Judas of an EMPEROR can do.  
Where Mother POPE once gets her foot, at marriage-bed or board,  
I'd like to see the husband dars boast that he is Lord!  
Yes, the Petticoats, the Petticoats, the Petticoats for me;  
They loves their poor old Mother POPE, and her blessed Roman see.

### MR. MANSFIELD AND THE MUSICIANS.

"MR. MANSFIELD, London Magistrate.

"This is not the first time, by a good many, that Mr. Punch has had occasion to applaud you, Sir. He was rejoiced to see that you did not mew regrets over the ill-advised ruffians who, in the POPE's interest, broke peaceful Englishmen's heads in the Park, but that you sent those ruffians to gaol. Nothing escapes Mr. Punch, MR. MANSFIELD, and though he may not express his sentiments upon everything at the moment it occurs, it is laid away in the faultlessly arranged and exquisitely indexed cells of his memory, to be produced at the proper time for the exaltation or confusion of the parties concerned. Sir, you had his silent approbation for the mode in which you dealt with those Irish blackguards, who are CARDINAL WISEMAN's lambs, and the O'DUNDERHEAD's protégés.

"Mr. Punch, however, takes immediate occasion to thank you for having dealt in a most righteous manner with a gang of street musicians who are constantly set on to annoy MR. BABBAGE, the great mathematician. What sort of animals the neighbours of MR. BABBAGE must be Mr. Punch cannot understand. They must be some kind of Gorilla, and he and M. DU CHAILLU may take a walk up in that direction one of these days, and under pretence of inquiring about lodgings, ticket-of-leave-men, or something of the sort, may have a good look at these creatures. For the state of barbarism in which they are sunk would be almost pitiable, were not the means of instruction within their reach. That they cannot comprehend that MR. BABBAGE's genius is an honour to the country, and that his name and inventions will be known in our history is bad enough; but that they must persecute the philosopher, must endeavour to disturb his studies by hiring dirty Italians to grind organs, or dirtier Englishmen to shout through trumpets before his house, amounts to savagery. Is there female malice in it, for such persistence in petty annoyance is almost below the malice of violent but forgiving man? Is there some vulgar shrewish Mater-familias who 'will have organs,' and would have them if NEWTON

were at work in the house to her right, and PASCAL expiring in that to her left? Mr. Punch cannot understand it. But, MR. MANSFIELD, he rejoices to see that you laid hold of an entire gang, and fined each of them Forty Shillings for so offending. Pray go on in the same way, for though the fines may be paid at first, the supporters of the Musicians will soon be tired of being hit to the tune of ten pounds per evening's annoyance. Your health, MANSFIELD."



A FRENCH FLOWER-GIRL.

### SOFT HANDS AND HARD LABOUR.

HERE is a rare chance for any active-minded and active-legged young lady, who wants a place as maid-of-all-work—we mean to say, as Governess:—

A YOUNG LADY WANTED, in a farm-house, to instruct four children in music, singing, French, drawing, and dancing. Address A. B.

"Speed the plough" was once a favourite toast with agriculturists: but we imagine they now couple it with that of "speed to the piano." Well, we see no harm in farmers' daughters being taught to play and sing, or in their learning the French language, dancing, drawing and deportment. Perhaps it would be well if a knowledge of the dairy were instilled into their minds as well as of the dance: and as an addition to their drawing-room accomplishments, we think it might be wise to give them some acquaintance with the kitchen, and supply them with instruction in the culinary art. As farmers' daughters mostly have the chance to marry farmers, it would be well, besides accomplishments, to teach them their domestic duties; for however much young Corydon might like to hear his *Chloe* play and sing and talk in French (and the chances are the latter would be utter Greek to him), we fancy he would like still more to find that she was competent to give him a good dinner, and to take care that the dairy work and house work were well done.

But granting that accomplishments are of use in a farm-house, it seems to us absurd to think that one young lady can properly teach four children how to draw and dance and play and sing, and moreover to talk French. Doubtless hiring a young Governess is in many cases cheaper than sending a large family of small children to a school. But really there should be a branch of the Humane Society especially employed for the protection of poor Governesses, and for the prevention of the cruelties they suffer in the way of overwork. As it is, a Governess gets scarcely better wages than a common maid-of-all-work, and there is very little difference in the amount of manual labour which they both have to go through, and the way in which they mostly are treated by their misuses.

### The Future of Yankeedom.

It may be confidently predicted that the triumph of the Black Republicans in the Federal States will lead to a rivalry in the struggle for the Presidency, between POMPEY and CÆSAR, and finally in the establishment of an American Empire, under the despotism of either CÆSAR or POMPEY; it will not much matter which, for no doubt the resemblance between POMPEY and CÆSAR will be very close, although perhaps especially remarkable on the part of POMPEY.



LIONEL (to his Rich Uncle's Coachman, who has driven him over to the Station). "And look here, Sawyer, give the Governor this Accidental Insurance Ticket with my love. I haven't forgotten him, and if anything happens to me, there's a Thousand Pounds for him!"

### SCOTCH SABBATOMANIACS.

SABBATOMANIA is the only word that is fit to apply to the pitch of extravagance which Scotch fanaticism touching Sunday has at last amounted to; having become a complete craze, the national mental disorder of Scotland. No other expression can describe the moral and intellectual state of the frantic bigots, or raving hypocrites, who signed a memorial, which, got up by a section of the religious body ironically calling itself the "free Kirk," was, according to the *Dundee Advertiser*, presented by a REV. DONALDSON ROSE the other day at a meeting of the Brechin Parochial Band, and read by the Secretary. This preposterous document actually stated:—

"That the attention of the Session has been directed to a motion laid on your table at last meeting to the effect that the Cemetery be kept open on the Sabbaths the same as the other days of the week, except during the hours of divine service in the forenoon and afternoons. That your memorialists believe that such an opening of the Cemetery would be an unnecessary and gratuitous innovation on the sanctity of the Lord's Day; and calculated to countenance and foster Sabbath desecration. May it therefore please the Board to refuse to pass said motion, and to continue the present regulation by which the Cemetery is kept shut on Sabbath."

It seems possible that such a requisition as the above could only have issued from a set of Presbyterian lunatics. The discussion of so rampant an eruption of frenzy could, one would think, have taken place nowhere out of a Calvinistic Bedlam. The prayer of this mad memorial, however, was not only seriously debated, but granted in part. A motion proposed by a sane gentleman named BLACK, for opening the Cemetery on Sundays "except during the hours of divine service in the forenoons and afternoons" (an exception conceded to the Sabbatomaniacs) was voted for by a minority of five. The motion of a poor creature, a MR. W. STEVENSON, for keeping the Cemetery closed as at present, was carried by a majority of thirteen. Finally, it was agreed on the motion of a gentleman not quite so far gone as the greater part of his associates, PROFESSOR GUTHRIE, "that the Cemetery should be open between one and two o'clock on the Sabbath, and that the Committee be instructed to make arrangements with the keeper for that purpose."

Now then, if HERVEY could come out of his own grave, where ever it is, and betake himself from his present place of sepulture to the Brechin

Cemetery, he would be able to pursue his Meditations among the Tombs there on a Sunday only between the hours of one and two. This limitation would perhaps suggest to him a reflection on the shortness of time, and the length of ears which had prescribed the brief duration of the span allotted him to meditate in by Scotch Sabbatomaniacs.

An hour's meditation among the tombs may be sufficient for people in general, who do not share the partiality of HERVEY for that amusement. But they, many of them, have a fancy for visiting the graves of their relations, which the working classes mostly have no time to do except on a Sunday, and the interval between one and two is just that which they usually spend in discussing baked shoulder of mutton, roast potatoes, and onion sauce; or something analogous.

The perversion of those feelings which have the highest relation, is a painful subject, on which it is well to say no more; except this; that unhappy officials and others who have got so bad as to shut the public out of a Cemetery on Sundays, ought to be taken care of, and that none of the members of the Brechin Parochial Board, who voted for the outrageous proposal to close their burial ground on the Sabbath should be suffered to shave themselves, although they would perhaps get better if their heads were shorn.

POSTSCRIPT.—We are informed that the signatures to the petition for opening the Botanical Gardens at Edinburgh on Sundays were 14,000, not 1,400 as stated in our last Number. It rejoices us to see that Auld Reekie contains so many persons of sound mind in proportion to Sabbatomaniacs.

### A Musical Mechi Wanted.

It was remarked in a musical smoking-room that DONNERBLITZ (the thundering, flashy, coarse, vulgar, celebrated melo-dramatic German basso) had been farmed for three years by a great concert speculator to sing in the provinces. "Yes," said little TOM PIPER, who always plays first fiddle when the theme is sarcasm, "it's all very well his being farmed, but I should like to know who is to cultivate him?"

THE BEST EXCUSE FOR A MAN MARRYING HIS DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—Because he will only have one Mother-in-Law.